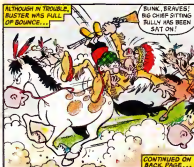
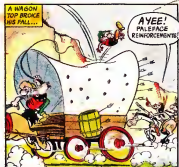
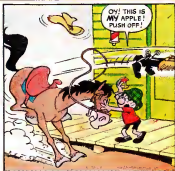


BUSTER ^{7d}

and Giggle

EVERY MONDAY 9th MARCH, 1968

Australia 16 cents; New Zealand 16 cents; South Africa 16 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1/00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malia 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. 55; España Pes. 19.0; Nederland Fl. 45; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fin. 40; Sverige Kr. 75; Italia L. 130.



CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE...

JIM EVADED THE SPACE-CREATURE'S CLUTCHING PAWS BY INCHES!

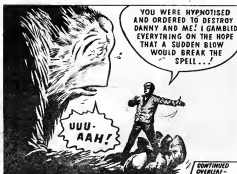
GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he managed to defeat a village headman called Toshio Nakamura. Then Nakamura's wife hypnotised Galaxus and ordered him to attack the boys.

Danny tried to run, but...







WITH HIS MIND NOW CLEARED, THE NATURALLY-GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE OPENLY WEPT WITH RELIEF THAT HE HAD BEEN PREVENTED FROM HURTING HIS ONLY TRUE FRIENDS...

PLEASE DON'T CRY, GALAXUS... IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! JUST HELP ME WITH DANNY...

BUUU-UUU-HUUU...



JIM RACED ACROSS TO HIS BROTHER...

WELL DONE, JIM! I DIDN'T THINK YOU STOOD A CHANCE!

MY SCHEME WORKED. THAT'S THE MAIN THING... BUT HOW'S YOUR ARM?



BADLY BRUISED AND TWISTED, BUT I DON'T THINK THERE ARE ANY BONES BROKEN!

THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! I'LL STRAP IT UP!



NOW THAT GALAXUS IS BETTER, WE'LL HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

YES—PUT AS MANY MILES AS WE CAN BETWEEN US AND THAT HEADMAN'S WIFE! I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER AGAIN!



HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, THE THREE FRIENDS WERE ON THE MOVE AGAIN... HEADING SOUTH THROUGH WILD, MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY...



AND AS NIGHT FELL...

LET'S STOP HERE, DANNY! WE CAN LIGHT A FIRE AND TRY TO FIND SOMETHING TO EAT!

GOOD IDEA! THAT'S RIGHT SHRINK YOURSELF, GALAXUS, AND I'LL MAKE A NICE LITTLE BED FOR YOU!



AFTER A MEAL OF RICE AND FRUIT, THE BOYS SETTLED DOWN... BUT AS THEY SLEPT, A STRONG WIND SCATTERED THE EMBERS OF THEIR FIRE...



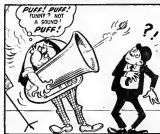
WITHIN MINUTES, THE DRY, WAIST-HIGH GRASS HAD BECOME A RAGING INFERNO...

DANNY, WAKE UP! W-WE'VE STARTED A BUSH-FIRE. IT'S SPREADING TOWARDS THAT FARM!

FREDDY LIKES LIVING IN HARMONY... BUT NOT WITH AN OOMPAN-PLAYING NEIGHBOUR!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



ONE OF THE BUDGIES IS ENTERED FOR A TALKING CONTEST NEXT MONDAY! WILL HE HAVE THE LAST WORD?



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



YES—A FUN-FILLED NEW STORY WITH CAPTAIN SWOOP BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

Hello, Mates!



BUSTER'S *Birthday* CLUB

ANOTHER page of fun and games for Club members! There are new faces to know, the Birth Date Game to play and prizewinning letters to read. And don't forget to check the list of winners down below—you might be among them! Your old pal,

Buster

Meet Four of my Club Pals



Meet eight-year-old Karen Fretwell. Her father is in the R.A.F., stationed in Germany.



Here's Kenneth Nart, of Drmskirk. He has a young brother who will be joining the Club soon!



Andrew Nolland hails from Dagenham. He is 9, and thinks BUSTER is absolutely smashing!



This merry miss is Sandra Watson, from Edinburgh. Thanks for your long and amusing letter, Sandra!

CONGRATULATIONS to these winners of our "NAMES" competition: They each win a smashing jigsaw puzzle: Paul Adams, Hull; Laurie Bates, Histon; Philip Basford, Huddersfield; Linda Buckhurst, Dagenham; David Burn, Boldon Colliery; Roberta Cheeseman, Birmingham; David Cooper, Sheffield; Carol Day, Boston; Neil Duckers, Wrexham; Kevin D'Souza, Southampton; Carol Evans, Plymouth; Graham Fido, Bristol; Stephen Figg, London, N.9; Joan Grace, Gloucester; Rodney Harley, Sheffield; Christopher Harlock, Peterborough; Gillian Harrow, London, S.W.11; Paul Howlett, Dagenham; Christopher Hudson, London, S.W.20; Prudence Hussey, Oxford; Michael Jones, Greenford; Marilyn Juxon, Sutton Coldfield; Steven Kinton, Nottingham; Richard Lake, Dereham; Deborah

50

JIGSAW WINNERS

Is your Birth Date here?

29th March, 1957

1st December, 1961

21st May, 1956

13th July, 1959

4th September, 1958

5th November, 1960

AHOY, mates, check those dates... it could mean a reward for you! If the exact day, month and year of your birth is here, you can help yourself to any one of the following prizes from my treasure chest: Disguise Outfit, Pocket Knife, Model Vintage Car Kit, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen or Story Book.

Look the dates over again, chums. If you're really sure that your birth date is shown, write it on a postcard together with your full name, address and choice of prize. To win it, all you have to do is solve this simple puzzle. Back in the time when pirates sailed the Seven Seas, two special kinds of money were used. You can find out what they were by rearranging these words:

**EIGHT
SPANISH**

**OF
DOUBLOONS
PIECES**

Bluebeard wouldn't have any trouble with a puzzle like that! Write them correctly on the postcard, print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 14th March. If you live overseas you have until 4th July.

Another list of prizewinning birth dates next week, mates!

From you to me...

Benfleet member Martin Haines writes:

scuttled across the floor. I woke her up and pointed to the mouse which had stopped to look at us. My cat took one glance, yawned and went back to sleep!"

Michael Messenger of Stokenchurch owns a pup named "Buster"! "One day when we were out walking," says Michael, "we passed a house where an Alsatian dog was tied up. This was Buster's first and last look at an Alsatian. He started to run and didn't stop until he reached home!" I know another BUSTER who would do exactly the same thing, Michael!

Langworthy, Poole; Paul Lea, Drmskirk; Gary Liptrot, Bolton; Susan Maidment, Bursley; Philip May, Gateshead; Joan Marshall, Welling; Stephen Martin, Whitchurch; Donald Myatt, Wigan; Julia and Terry McCann, Middlesbrough; Moira McIlroy, London, S.W.8; David Pascoe, Redhill; Mary Peplow, Sedford; Patrick Pugh, Aspley; Elaine Putterill, Wisbech; Lynne Rayner, Sutton Coldfield; Stephen Stokes, Harwich; Adele Solomon, Glasgow; Carol Smith, Sutton-in-Ashfield; Julie Taylor, Walsall; David Taylor, Wigan; Shirley Walker, Blandford; Barry Watkins, Rochdale; Stephen Wood, Manchester; Colin Woodhouse, Bradford. Well done, all the winners! There will be another grand competition soon, with more super prizes for Club members... so if YOU didn't win this time there'll be more chances coming along for everyone.

★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★



TWO LIVES WERE AT STAKE — SO FISHBOY HAD TO ACT FAST!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, Fishboy set out to find them, but on reaching Southern Persia he fell foul of some desert tribesmen. Fortunately, he was rescued by two men in a helicopter, but he desperately needed water. After Fishboy struggled with the pilot, the helicopter plunged into the sea...



AS THE HELICOPTER SANK, FISHBOY SCRAMBLED GRATEFULLY INTO THE SEA... BUT FOR THE TWO PILOTS, IT WAS A GRIM, DESPERATE SITUATION...



NEXT MOMENT, A STRANGE, GURGling CALL WAS RIPPLING THROUGH THE SEA...

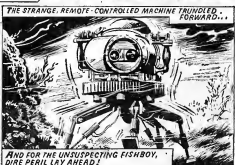


IT WAS THE ALARM SIGNAL OF THE GIANT MDRAYEEL — AND ALMOST INSTANTLY IT WAS ANSWERED...



IN A FLURRY OF FOAM, THE GIANT EELS SPED TO THE RESCUE AND FISHBOY URGED THEM TO PULL AT THE METAL BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE...





WHAT IS THIS ROBOT-LIKE GADGET? FIND OUT IN NEXT MONDAY'S THRILL-PACKED EPISODE!

OF ALL WONDER WORM'S ANCESTORS, NONE CAME "BOULDER" THAN A SCOT NAMED WILLIE!



OUR HERO HELPS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON NEXT WEEK—AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF LAUGHS, TO BOOT!

CHARLIE'S IGNORANCE OF MODERN SECURITY METHODS RESULTED IN AN ALARM BEING RAISED!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Charlie Peace had been trapped in a time-machine in Victorian days... and emerged to find himself in modern London. As his ancient hide-out still stood, he hid in the secret cellar...

HOWEVER, SUPPLIES WERE RUNNING LOW, AND THE ARCH-ROGUE KNEW HE WOULD HAVE TO VENTURE OUT AGAIN INTO THIS STRANGE NEW CITY...



I'LL SLIP INTO ONE O' THOSE POSH JEWELLERS; AN' MAKE A QUICK SNATCH... SOMETHIN' I CAN RAISE CASH ON EASILY!

THE JEWELLERS HE CHOSE WAS SO EXCLUSIVE THAT IT WAS DESERTED...



A DIAMOND TIA... AND NOT EVEN A SHEET OF GLASS IN FRONT! THEY ASK TO BE ROBBED!

BUT CHARLIE'S HAND BROKE AN INVISIBLE ELECTRONIC-RAY...



CLANGGGG!

TCHAN! WHO RANG THAT BELL? I'M BEIN' SPIED ON!

AND NEXT INSTANT...



THUNK!

YOW! IT NEARLY CRUSHED ME HAND!

HEY, YOU!

THE MASTER CROOK ONLY REMEMBERED THE EARLY VICTORIAN EXPERIMENTAL 'UNDERGROUND'...



I'LL SOON LOSE 'EM IN THE SMOKE AND THE DARKNESS!

AHA! I'LL POP DOWN HERE AND THROW 'EM OFF!



STOP THIEF!

SHOW YOUR TICKETS, PLEASE!



GOT NO TIME TO BUY A TICKET... BUT THIS OL' BIT O' CARDBOARD WILL FOOL HIM!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

AN ESCALATOR UPSET CHARLIE... BECAUSE IT DIDN'T GET HIM DOWN!





THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT WITH CHARLIE PEACE AROUND! MEET HIM AGAIN NEXT WEEK!

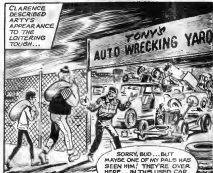
NUTTY AND CLARENCE ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE LED INTO DANGER!



NUTTY SLACK

The
GENTLE GRAPPLER

Natty Slack and Clarence Todworthy had reached America after being picked up by some millionaires on a pleasure-cruise. The Americans paid Natty handsomely for entertaining them during the voyage. Then the companions set out in search of Natty's manager, Arty Mann, who had travelled on ahead to the United States with his assistant Musher Peel ...





THE IMPACT OF THE TYRE HAD KNOCKED THE WAD OF MONEY FROM CLARENCE'S GRASP!... STRAIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF A FLEEING TOWH!



UNFORTUNATELY, SPEED HAD NEVER SEEN NUTTY'S STRONGPOINT...



PERHAPS THEY ARE KNOWN TO THE LOCAL POLICE! IF SO, THERE MAY STILL BE A CHANCE OF RECOVERING OUR MONEY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE LOCAL POLICE STATION HAD AN UNEXPECTED FLURRY OF BUSINESS...



THEY'RE THE TWIN TERRORS... THE MOST VICIOUS TING-TEAM WRESTLERS IN THE WHOLE OF NEW YORK!



BY CHANCE, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER HAD BEEN HANGING AROUND THE STATION IN THE HOPE OF PICKING UP A STORY...

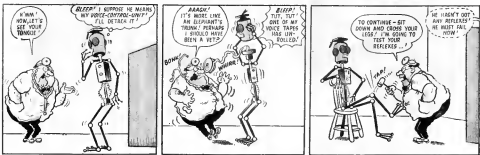


WILL THE GANGSTERS CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT? NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE IS SENSATIONAL!

THIS TALE SURE IS A TONIC, PALS! JUST WATCH TIN TEACHER TAKE A MEDICAL EXAMINATION!



TEACHER

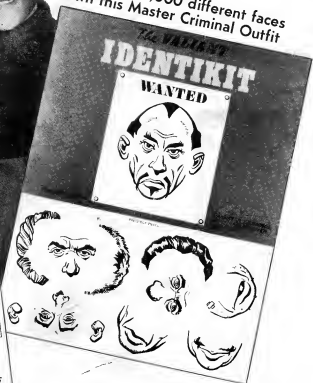


A TRIP TO A RUBBER FACTORY KEEPS THE FUN AT FULL STRETCH NEXT WEEK!

With Valiant OUT TODAY!

FREE THE VALIANT IDENTIKIT

Make over 1,000 different faces
with this Master Criminal Outfit



FREE IDENTIKIT INSIDE
VALIANT
7d

IS IT TRUE

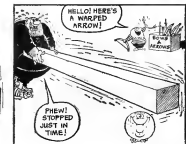
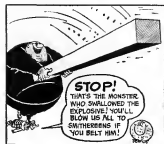
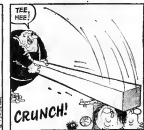
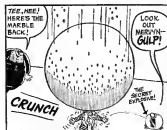
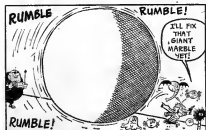


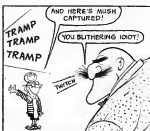
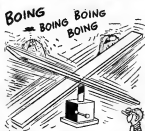
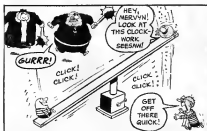
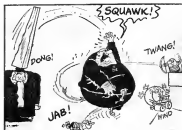
Start reading TODAY these great new features—Sexton Blake
—The Ironmaster—Raven on the Wing—Master Spy—
Bluebottle and Basher—Little Orvy—and other Valiant favourites.

VALIANT

Every Monday 7d.

40 powerful pages sizzling with fun, thrills and excitement
GET YOUR VALIANT TODAY—AND EVERY MONDAY





WHAT IS MUSH'S PLAN—AND WILL THE MYSTERY FIGURE PLAY A PART IN IT? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

A MECHANICAL HEDGEHOG BURST INTO THE OPEN — TO MENACE THE MARVELS!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which changed into a real weapon when the boy uttered certain key words. His scientist father was kidnapped by international agents so Micky tracked them to a fortified island and released Dr. Marvel with the help of the Multi-Gun. After accounting for some of the crooks, Micky and his father trapped the others in a mysterious underground hangar...

ALL RIGHT, THE GAME'S UP! ARE YOU THINGYS GOING TO SURROUND OR SHALL WE COME IN AND SET YOU?



MICKY! I CAN HEAR AN ENGINE STARTING UP INSIDE THE NAUSAR!

NEXT SECOND, THE DOORS WERE BURST OPEN.

HERE WE COME, SUCKERS!



A FANTASTIC, ROARING VEHICLE CAREERED FORWARD...



JUMPING HERPES! IT'S LIKE GIANTIC NEGRIBOIS!

BUT ARMED WITH CANNONS AND MACHINE-GUNS INSTEAD OF QUILLS, POINTING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

QUICKLY, MICKY MARVEL DETACHED THE LASER-PISTOL FROM THE MULTI-GUN.



AND, YOU STAY NEAR WITH TWO PISTOLS! WE'LL TRY AND CATCH THEM BETWEEN TWO FIRES!

OKAY - P-BUT BE CAREFUL, SON!

MICKY AND SANDY DARTED FOR THE COVER OF AN OLD SANDBAG WALL, BUT NOT UNSEEN...



THERE GOES THAT KID WITH HIS GUN!

AND YOU KNOW IT ISN'T A TOY BUT A MAKE-SURE OF THE BEAT THIS TIME!

AS THE MECHANICAL NEGRIBOIS SWERVED FORWARD, MICKY MARVEL OF ITS OCCUPANTS NOTICED THE CROUCHING FIGURE OF DR. MARVEL...



I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THIS PISTOL WORKS... BUT ITS BEAM OF INFERNO-CONCENTRATED LIGHT SHOULD SLICE CLEAN THROUGH THOSE STEEL TRACKS!

WITH THE SITUATION NOW DESPERATE, MICKY RISKED A NEW MISSILE!

DR. MARVEL TOOK DELIBERATE AIM, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER! THE OUTCOME WAS DISASTROUS, HOWEVER...

WOW! THAT LIGHT'S NO STRONGER THAN AN ELECTRIC BULB! THE GUN IS JUST GIVING OFF A FAINT, TINY BUZZ!



THE MEEPEO SCIENTIST WAS STILL PULLING THE TRIGGER DESPERATELY AS THE MEEPEGOS THUNDERED PAST HIM



BLEEP, BLEEP!

MICKY MUST HAVE GIVEN ME THE WRONG GUN... THIS IS JUST A DUMB, USELESS PLASTIC TOY!

NEXT SECOND THE FEARING VEHICLE SORE DOWN ON MICKY MARVEL...



LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS! DON'T GIVE THE KID A CHANCE TO USE THAT GUN OF HIS!

DAD, WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY DON'T YOU FIRE?

WITH BULLETS WHISTLING AROUND HIS HEAD, THE BOY TUGGED ANOTHER MISSILE FROM ONE OF HIS AMMUNITION POUCHES...



THE SPELLMAN MAGNO-MISSILE... TO BE USED WHEN ATTACKED BY WEAPONS MADE OF METAL



IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE! BUT WHAT IF THE MULTI-GUN HAS LOST ITS POWER? MAYBE THAT'S WHY DAD COULDN'T STOP THE MEEPEGOS...

THEN, AS THE STRANGE, VIBRATING MISSILE WHIRLED ABOVE THE BOWS OF THE MEEPEGOS...



HEY, WHAT'S THAT HE'S FIRED AT US? SOMETHING SHAPED LIKE A TOY MAGNET!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'M KNOCKED!



BOOM! MY STAR'S THE FRONT END OF THE MEEPEGOS IS STARTING TO RISE!

SSSSSH OOOO

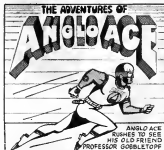
GROINNNK!!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



WILL THE GANG-LEADER TAKE HIS REVENGE? SEE NEXT WEEK'S DRAMA-CHARGED EPISODE!

This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo



ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, had been invited to take over an old garage and petrol station while the owner was abroad. In a broken-down shed, they found an old racing car...

The SKID KIDS



BRAINBOX MADE A CLOSER INSPECTION OF THE CAR, WITH SIMON LOOKING ON...

OH, YES... THE RACER'S NOT AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS, PAL! HALF THE ENGINE'S MISSING!

THAT'S NO PROBLEM, SIMON! THERE ARE DOZENS OF SPARE PARTS AROUND! I'LL SOON HAVE SOMETHING FIXED UP! BUT WE MUSTN'T FORGET OUR OTHER WORK HERE!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE BOYS AND THEIR KEEPERS WERE BUSY, BUT SIMON STRUCK TROUBLE...

GOOOERRR! THE LADDER — IT'S COLLAPSING!



NEXT SECOND...

NO — NO, STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I — I'VE DROPPED THE PAINT POT!



URRRGH! WHAT DID YOU SAY? SOMEONE'S DROPPED A PAINT POT ON MY HEAD! CAN'T HEAR A THING!

DESPITE SUCH SETBACKS, THEY EVENTUALLY GOT THE PLACE FINISHED...



WELL... IT'S DONE!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS SIT AND WAIT FOR THE CUSTOMERS TO ROLL IN! WE'RE ON A SHARE OF THE PROFITS, REMEMBER!

TO THEIR DELIGHT, BUSINESS PICKED UP...



SIX GALLONS, SIR? WHAT ABOUT OIL AND WATER? CHECK YOUR TYRES! ALL PART OF THE SERVICE!

THANKS... NICE OF YOU TO OFFER, SON!

WE AIM TO PLEASE... OPEN DAY AND NIGHT, IF IT'S OF INTEREST!

THE MONEY CAME ROLLING IN...

NOT A BAD WEEK'S WORK, BRAINBOX... THE TILL'S FULL! WE'D BETTER BANK IT TOMORROW!



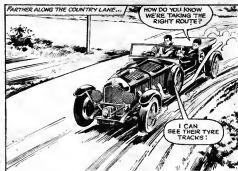
THE OLD RACING CAR'S COMING ALONG, TOO! I'VE GIVEN HER A BRAND NEW ENGINE, MADE OUT OF SPARE PARTS! COME AND WATCH ME START HER UP!

THEY WALKED OVER TO THE WORKSHOP...



JUST LISTEN WHEN I OPEN HER UP!

OKAY, GENIUS... LET'S HEAR IT!



NEXT MONDAY: THE CROOKS STRIKE AGAIN! DON'T MISS THE EXCITEMENT!

JOIN IN THE FUN — THERE ARE SUPER PRIZES TO BE WON!

MAKE BUSTER LAUGH



£16
TO BE
WON
EVERY
WEEK

Write or draw your joke on a postcard, stamp the card, and post to:

**BUSTER and GIGGLE,
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGDON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.**

22 WILL BE AWARDED
FOR EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

(When similar jokes
are received, the first
one to be judged will be
awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

PLEASE FILL IN THE
COUPON ABOVE AND
PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD.





Do your thrills come from the 'telly'?

In the Royal Navy they're for real



Helicopter on the flight deck. You've helped get her ready for take-off.

Your destroyer's radar picks up the target. You help launch the missile that can explode it out of the sky.

Your frigate detects a submarine. Gives chase. In the operations room you track it down.

Real thrills these. The kind you get in the Royal Navy.

So why settle for a future with the 'telly' and an 8-to-5 routine?

You're out of the rut fast. Come on in—and get yourself a good trade. There are plenty to choose from.

Mechanically minded? Become an Electrical or Engineering Mechanic. A Naval Air

Mechanic. A Seaman working with space-age weapons.

Want an apprenticeship? Find out if you qualify to become an Artificer—or, if you're over 17½, a Mechanician. Either way you'll get one of today's finest apprenticeships.

Ambitious? You can get ahead fast. By his early twenties a good man can be earning well over £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance.)

You can try for a commission. Today one officer in three begins his career as a rating.

You'll be with a great team of men. And you'll see the world.

Get the facts. Cut the coupon. You can join at 15. **Get out of the rut. Get into the Royal Navy.**

Royal Navy

Royal Naval Careers Service, (04 484.7),
Old Admiralty Building, Whitehall, S.W.1.
Please send me the free 52-page booklet 'The Royal
Navy as a Career.'

Name

Address

Date of birth

(Signatures from 16, residents only)



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

One Up For Tom.

TOM ARTO was at his desk; the window at his side was open, and Tom had thrust one leg outside to warn passers-by that something was afoot.

Actually, nothing was up—he was only airing his left sock.

Suddenly, one corner of the centre carpet lifted and his assistant popped up through a trap-door.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," he announced. "Says he's from Fizzaria and bears important news."

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"In the upstairs room, sir," said his assistant smartly. "I will show him in."

The young man pressed a button on Tom's desk and a large square hole appeared in the ceiling through which a large armchair containing a man crashed to the mat in front of Tom.

"You wish to see me?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the man, crawling about on all fours looking for his teeth which had fallen out due to the thud.

When he had found eight of these he seemed satisfied, and rose to his feet and the occasion.

"I have dropped in to obtain your help," said the man. "I represent the country of Fizzaria. We are a great chemical country."

"I love a chemical country," replied Tom.

"Chemical—not comical," said the visitor.

"We make the most astounding chemicals in the world. We can turn anything into something else. We made the chemical that made Dick Whittington turn again and end up as a mayor. Unfortunately, we have also made jealous enemies, who wish to steal our chemicals and turn this into

that and that into this!"

"You carry over me quite a turn," remarked Tom.

"Sole should," said the stranger. "My name is Professor Iktisit."

"Is it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, it is," replied the professor.

"Well," said Tom. "What's your trouble?"

"We've had an ultimatum from President Eeznoo," answered the professor. "He's a villain!"

"Eeznoo?" queried Tom.

"Yes, he is. It's no good saying he's not!" snapped Iktisit. "Eeznoo is!"

"So," said Tom. "It's a case of Eeznoo versus Iktisit, is it?"

THE MAN CRAWLED ABOUT ON ALL FOURS



"It is," agreed Professor Iktisit. "And Eeznoo demands that we hand over our chemical secrets, or he'll march in and take them. We want you to help us, please!"

"Then I shall have to come and see some of your inventions," said Tom. "I feel sure we can foil your enemies, even if it means turning them into something chemically comical."

Two weeks later, Tom was in the professor's private workshop.

Suddenly, the door opened and a young man entered.

"Message from the War Office, sir," he said. He handed over a document and departed. The professor read the message, and gave a

sudden howl that caused Tom's hat to fly off.

"This message is from Eeznoo," said the professor. "He says he's marching in tomorrow to take our chemical secrets by force. Just as I had completed this new invention, too!"

"What is it?" asked Tom.

"Come outside," said the professor. "I will demonstrate."

He poured some strange liquid into a bottle and, as they went outside, called to an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

Sprinkling some of the stuff onto the old chap's head, the professor stepped back.

With a sudden swishing sound, the old man sailed into the air and in a matter of seconds was out of sight.

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"Before bedtime," replied the professor.

"He will be on the moon."

"This gives me an idea," said Tom. "Can you make the stuff weaker?"

"Easily," answered the professor.

"Then do so," said Tom. "If you will give me some, I will go to Eeznoo's country tonight and treat them all to a drink."

A few hours later, the super special agent was in the enemy camp.

Tom, wearing a foolproof disguise, invited Eeznoo's army to a slap-up feed; they made merry on the gallons of drink which Tom had provided.

Eeznoo made a speech to his men.

"Soldiers," he said, "tomorrow we will become rich. After you have conquered Fizzaria we shall possess wonderful chemicals, and you can all have some."

The men cheered and had another drink, and then it happened!

The chemical which they had all been drinking suddenly acted. The entire army rose from the ground to a height of five feet; there they remained suspended.

All at last, the men had to do was tickle their feet with scrubbing brushes.

The unfortunate attackers could hardly stop laughing long enough to surrender.

Tom Arto had triumphed again.

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in next week's "BUSTER AND GIGGLE"!)

HERE'S A SUPER SPORTSMAN WHO'S GAME FOR A LAUGH!

KEEP FIT FRED



FEELING LIFELESS, FRED? A GOOD MASSAGE ON THE SLAB WILL KEEP YOU FIT! MOST EXHILARATING!

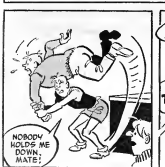


YOW! STOP IT! IT TICKLES!

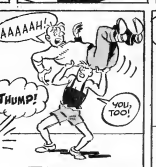


SHRIEK!

HI, JOE! THIS ONE'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT! YOU MASSAGE HIM WHILE I HOLD HIM DOWN!



NOBODY HOLDS ME DOWN, MATE!



AAAAAH!

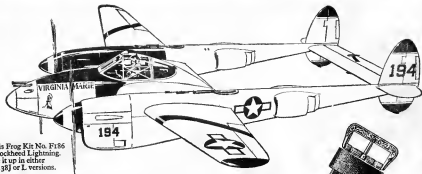
THUMP!

YOU, TOO!



NOW THAT REALLY WAS EXHILARATING! I FEEL FINE NOW!

WE'RE SO GLAD!



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NAME
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ADDRESS

Offer valid only until August 31st, 1968



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

AFTER MISTAKING THE SAILS OF A PASSING MERCHANTMAN FOR THOSE OF A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP, PATCH-EYE HOOKER MADE AN EVEN BIGGER BLUNDER WHEN HE DECIDED TO ATTACK. HIS VICTIM PUT UP A VERY STERN FIGHT BEFORE GIVING IN. THEN THE REAL SPANISH SHIP APPROACHED THE SCENE...

LUCKILY FOR PATCH-EYE WILL BARBER WAS ALSO AT HAND—ABOARD TOBIAS FLAGON'S LATEST INVENTION...



BUT I CANNOT RELEASE TOO MUCH GAS FROM THE AIRBAG OR WE WILL NOT RISE AGAIN. LOWER YOURSELF BY THE ANCHOR ROPE, LAD!

IT LOOKED BAD...



WELL, LAD—SNOCKED! HE'S JUST SEEN THE CARGO WE'VE CAPTURED A TON OR TWO OF RED PEPPER!



EVEN AS WILL DROPPED TOWARDS THE DECK...



PATCH-EYE NEEDED NO ROUSING...



BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO PREPARE...



'TIS TRUE, CAPTAIN! YOU HAD US USE IT ALL TO FORCE THAT TRADER INTO SUBMISSION!

WELL, SPANCO UR...



THAT OLD FOOL? NOW CAN HE BE BACK ON THE ISLAND, BOY!



WELL, I'LL BE SCUPPERED!



ENJOY ANOTHER ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF PATCH-EYE HOOKER — STARTING NEXT WEEK!



CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



THE AIR FORCE BANGS AWAY AGAIN NEXT MONDAY . . . BUT WILL IT SCORE A HIT?

VERY FROM BELOW

When an underground eruption destroyed an oil-drilling site in a remote Welsh valley, Dick Rivers, a scientist, drove for help. As he raced through the night, he noticed that huge hummocks had distorted the landscape. Then he came upon a girl who claimed that she had seen giant creatures crawling over the land. Dick helped her into the cab and drove on . . .

WITHOUT FURTHER MISHAP DICK RIVERS ARRIVED AT THE FIRST SIZEABLE VILLAGE. ALL WAS PEACEFUL AS HE RUMBLED IN, AND APART FROM THE OCCASIONAL SMALL CREATURES HE HAD SPOTTED IN THE HEADLAMPS, HE HAD SEEN NOTHING UNFORTHWARD . . .



BUT THE GIRL WAS STILL FRIGHTENED WHEN THEY ENTERED THE POLICE STATION . . .



WHY, IT IS MEGAN MORGAN, LOOK YOU! SHE IS GREATLY SHOCKED! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I FOUND HER DELIRIOUS ON THE ROAD! I'M FROM THE DRILLING SITE UP THE VALLEY!

THERE'S BEEN A DISASTER! GET ON TO FISGUARD TO SEND AMBULANCES AND RESCUE WORKERS OUT THERE AT ONCE! ATTEND TO THAT FIRST TOWN SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THIS YOUNG LADY!

VERY GOOD, SIR!

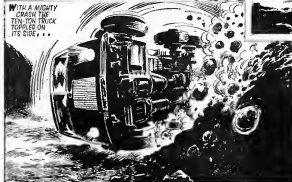
HAVING MADE SURE HELP WAS ON THE WAY, DICK RIVERS SET OUT ALONE TO RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER . . .



THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT ANY WARNING . . .



WITH A MIGHTY CRASH THE TEN-TON TRUCK TOPPLED ON ITS SIDE . . .



A STRANGE HISSING SOUND FILLED THE AIR BUT DICK RIVERS NEVER HEARD IT AS HE DROAWLED SENSELESS IN THE CAB . . .



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

FROM OUT OF THE EARTH IT CAME—A GIGANTIC, FEARFUL SHAPE!

MORE EARTH CRUMBED AND
THEN A GIGANTIC SHAPE
APPEARED OUT OF THE
MOUND . . .



EMITTING STRANGE HISsing
SOUNDS IT CRAWLED OUT
OF THE CRATER IT HAD MADE
AND CLOMSILY CLAWED ITS
WAY OVER THE UPTURNED
VEHICLE . . .



BUT NOT QUITE
OUT OF SIGHT...

DICK DECIDED TO
INVESTIGATE...

MAYBE THAT
GIRL WAS RIGHT—
OR MAYBE I JUST
IMAGINED I SAW
SOMETHING!

BY THE TIME DICK RIVERS
HAD REGAINED HIS
SENSES, AND SCRAMBLED
UP OUT OF THE CAR, IT
HAD CRAWLED AWAY . . .



WHAT'S
THAT MOVING
ABOUT UP THERE?
SOMETHING
PRETTY
BIG!



BUT WHEN THE LIGHT
FLASHED ROUND AGAIN...

THEN AS THE BEAM OF THE
NEARBY MOUNTAIN LIGHTHOUSE
LIT UP THE LANDSCAPE . . .



THERE
IT IS AGAIN!
I MUST GET
CLOSER AND
MAKE SURE!

THERE'S NOTHING
THERE! ONLY ANOTHER
MOUND!

THE EARTH SMELLS
FRESH SO THIS MUST
HAVE ONLY JUST
HAPPENED! I WONDER
WHAT CAUSED
IT?



THEN HE HEARD THE NOISE OF Distant VEHICLES
AND DECIDED TO RETURN TO THE ROAD . . .



IT'S THE
RESCUE TEAM FROM
RISGRAD! TO
BETTER HURRY DOWN
AND JOIN THEM!



NEXT WEEK'S TALE IS A WINNER! BUSTER TAKES PART IN A MOTOR RACE!